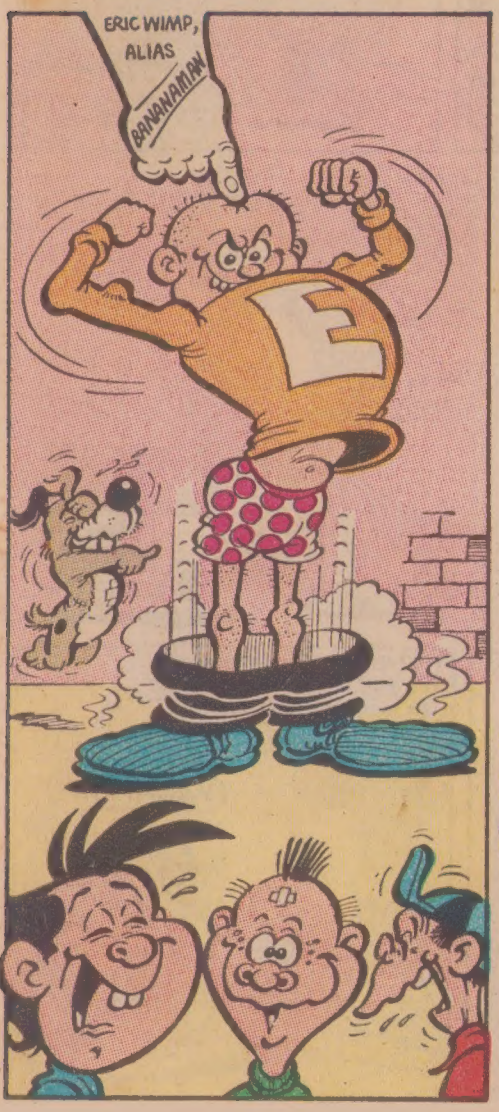
BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

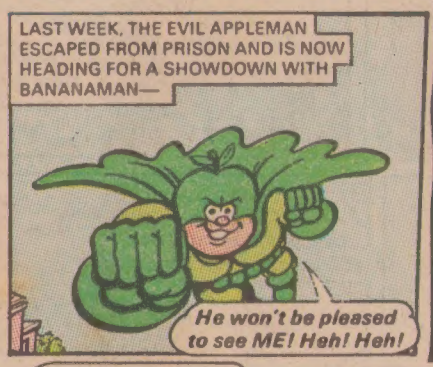
NUTTY

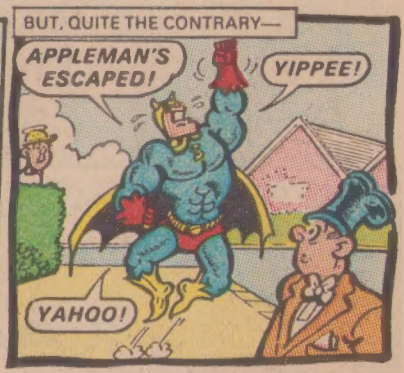
No. 69 JUNE 6th, 1981 EVERY SATURDAY 12p

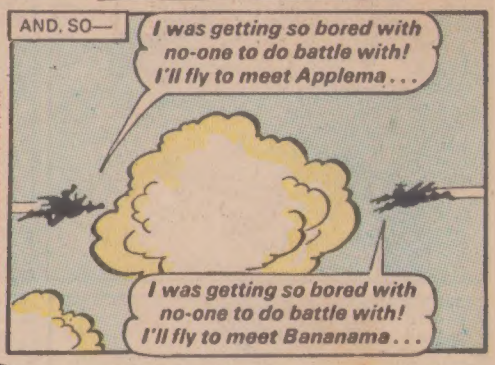
BANANAMAN

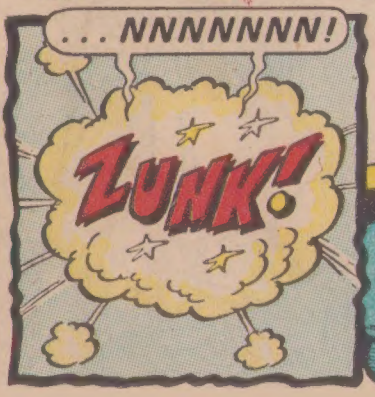
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . . BANANAMAN!

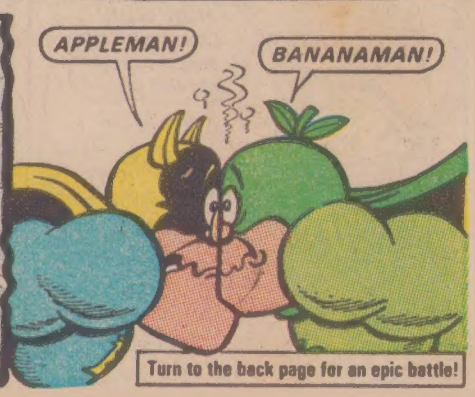



LAST WEEK, THE EVIL APPLEMAN ESCAPED FROM PRISON AND IS NOW HEADING FOR A SHOWDOWN WITH BANANAMAN—
He won't be pleased to see ME! Heh! Heh!



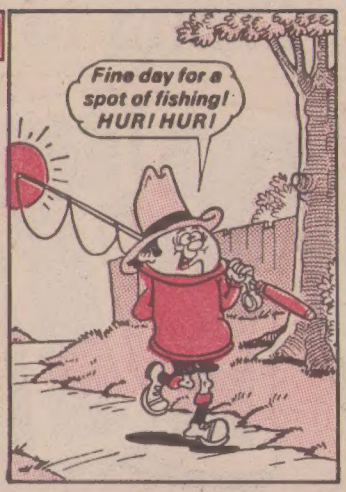

AND, SO—
I was getting so bored with no-one to do battle with! I'll fly to meet Applema . . .
I was getting so bored with no-one to do battle with! I'll fly to meet Bananama . . .

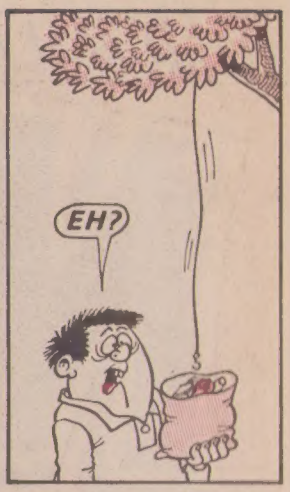


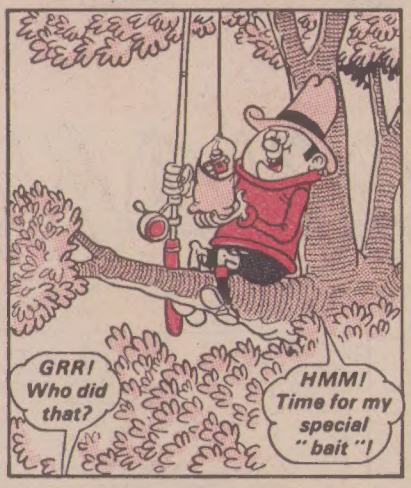


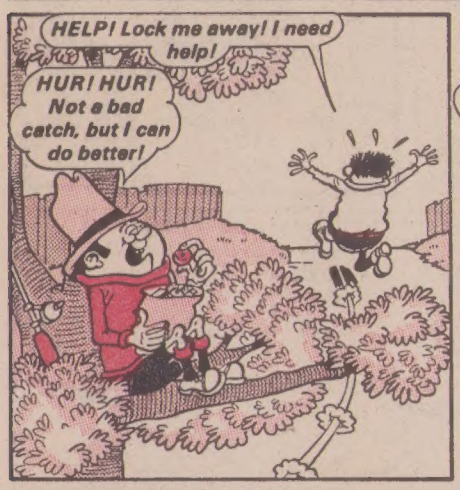
JAY R. HOOD

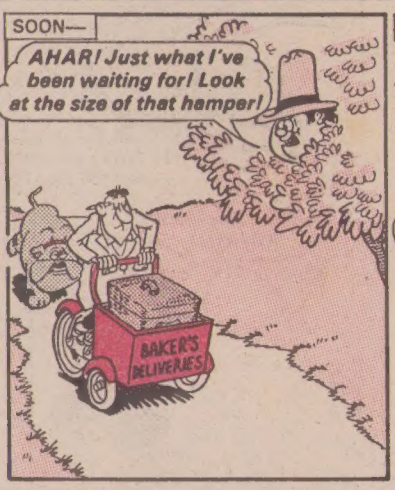
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

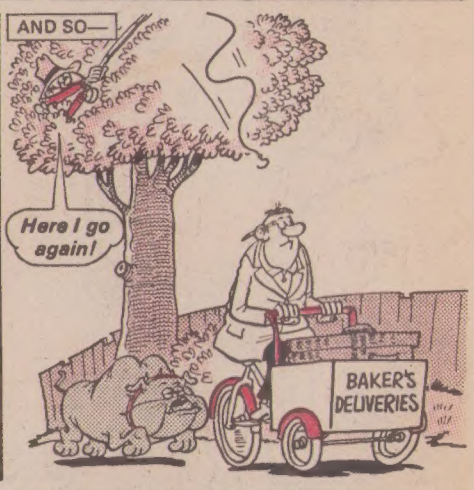


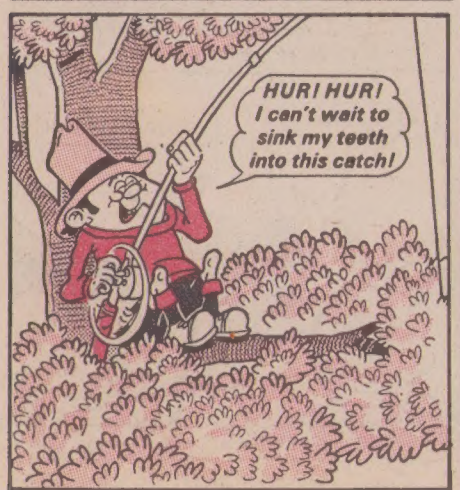


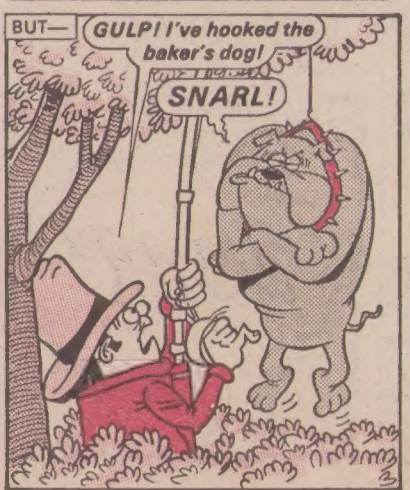








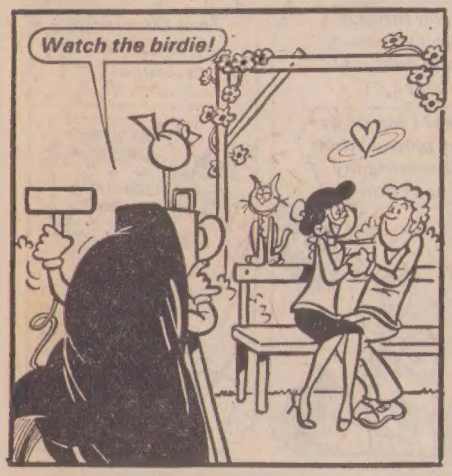




PETER Pest

A TOUCHING SCENE!
What a pretty picture!
READER'S VOICE

I think so, too!
DROOL!
OOOH! Photographs!


Watch the birdie!

BUT—
KA BOOM!!

AND—
OOPS! Must've used too much gunpowder in the flash!
GULP!

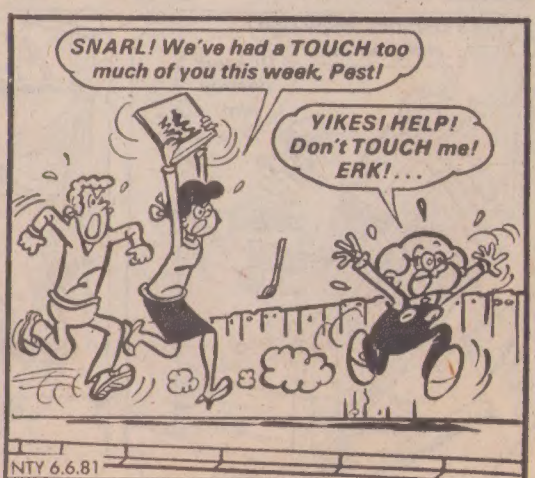
SHORTLY—ANOTHER TOUCHING SCENE!
HOLD IT! DON'T MOVE! I must get this picture!

HALF AN HOUR LATER—
DON'T MOVE! You'll spoil the picture!
PEST'S VOICE
What's he up to? Shouldn't take this long for a photo!

TEN MINUTES AFTER THAT—
OKAY! IT'S DONE!
OOH! About time too!
OUCH!
PLOP!
TWANG!

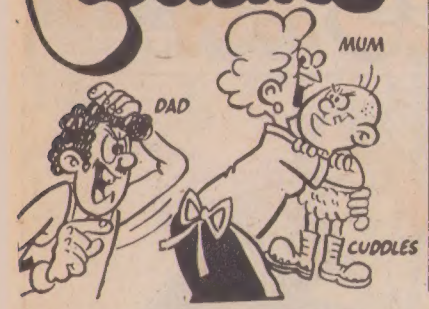
I didn't trust my old camera this time, so I decided to do a painting instead. Like it?
GRRRRRRR!
THROB!

THERE NOW FOLLOWS YET ANOTHER "TOUCHING" SCENE—


SNARL! We've had a TOUCH too much of you this week, Pest!
YIKES! HELP! Don't TOUCH me! ERK!...
NTY 6.6.81

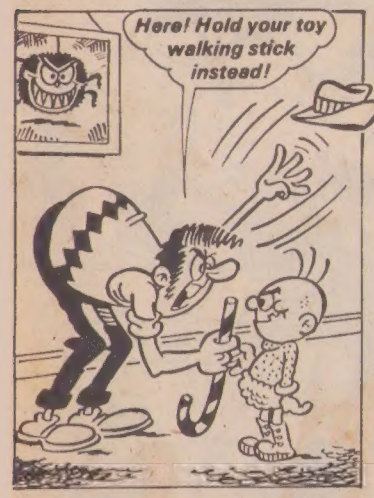
SAMUEL CREEPS
Howdy! I'm Cousin Dirk from Texas!
Hi! Leave your bag and we'll show you round!
DIRTY REG
Back home, I like to rope a few steers then relax by drinking a bucket of raw eggs!
You sound like the kind of guy who'd enjoy bashing Samuel the softy.
Yeah! Let's go find Samuel!
This is where we'll find him! It's the softest street in town!
Sounds mighty interesting!
PRIMROSE PLACE
THEN—
OUT! You're banned for life!
That boy must be tougher than he looks!
WIMP BAR
SHAME
Why were you thrown out? Did you wreck the place and beat up the waiter?
No! I forgot to say 'please' when ordering my soft drink!
Told you this is a soft street!
WIM
That Supersofty guy sounds pretty tough!
WRESTLING SUPERSOFTY FIGHTING BIG DADDY
Take a closer look!
Aw! Gee!
WRESTLING SUPERSOFTY WON'T BE FIGHTING BIG DADDY BECAUSE SUPERSOFTY'S WASHING HIS HAIR
What do you expect in the softest street in town?
Feeling fit, Cecil?
Yes! I'm ready for some heavy lifting.
Those two must be weight-lifters!
Wanna bet?
See? This really is the softest street in town!
FLOWER-ARRANGING CLUB
GASP! Tulips are such heavy flowers!
I'm pooped!
THEN—
I say! What are you scruffy types doing in OUR street?
It's Samuel!
KEEP OUT
Let's shift this soppy sign and grab 'im!
Dirk will destroy him!
OUT
WAAH! The stair's rotten!
It's a SOFT stair, of course!
CRASH!
TWEE-HEE!
So, this is the softest street in town? You two seemed to find it pretty HARD just then!
OW!
OOH!
THROB
ACHE
NTY 6.6.81

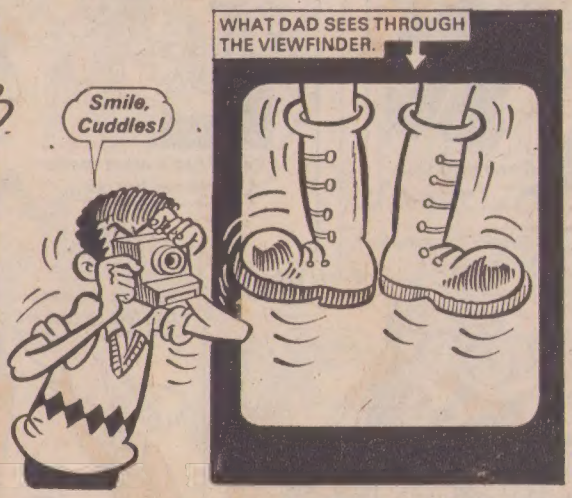
Cuddles


MUM
DAD
CUDDLES

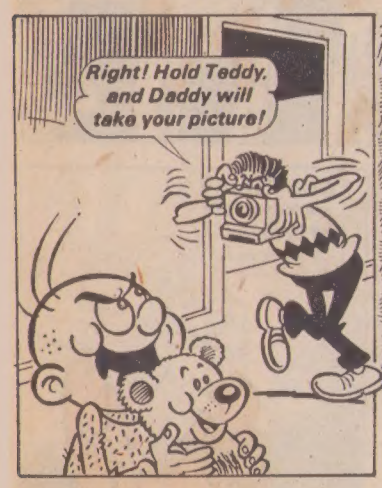
Go and put on your hat, Cuddles, and I'll take your picture!
He'll look sweet!

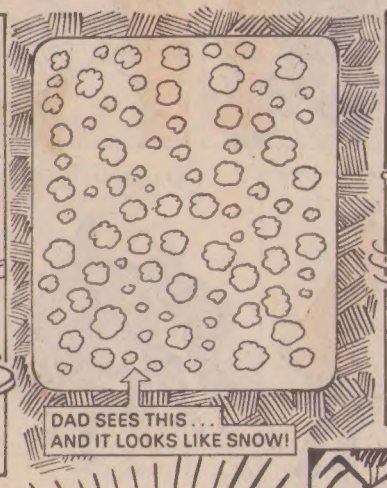
BUT—
Here's lookin' at ya, schweetheart!
OH, NO! That's no good!


Here! Hold your toy walking stick instead!

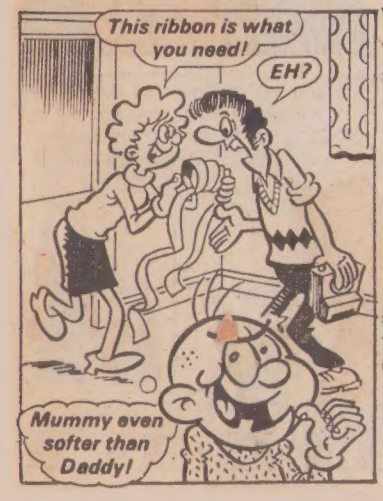

Smile, Cuddles!
WHAT DAD SEES THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER.

CUDDLES! Get down from there!
GAAH!

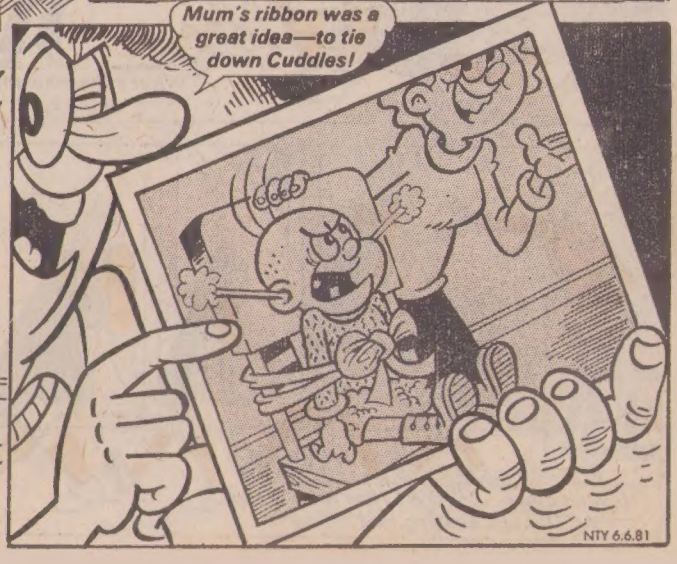

Right! Hold Teddy, and Daddy will take your picture!


DAD SEES THIS . . . AND IT LOOKS LIKE SNOW!

GURR! He's ruined Teddy and my photograph!
Having trouble taking Cuddles' picture?


This ribbon is what you need!
EH?
Mummy even softer than Daddy!

CLICK!
This will make a great photograph!


Mum's ribbon was a great idea—to tie down Cuddles!
NTY 6.6.81

The School Belles

DAISY VIOLET ROSE MARIGOLD

YAAHOO! Now for our class with good old Professor Bungle.

OH, NO! Not the Belles. It's IMPOSSIBLE to control them.

SCIENCE LAB

Good morning, Prof!

Now, class, open your books at page 82.

We want to do experiments, sir.

Yes! That's what makes science fun, sir.

WITHIN MINUTES—

SNIFF! It smells great!

YEAH! Whatever it is.

Oo-er!

We've poured a drop of everything into it!

Will you lot put a sock in it? I'm TRYING to teach!

GOSH! I feel strange!

SUDDENLY—

WAAGH! Leggo, you beastly Belles!

First off with the shoe!

What's the meaning of this?

CYNTHIA, THE CLASS SWOT

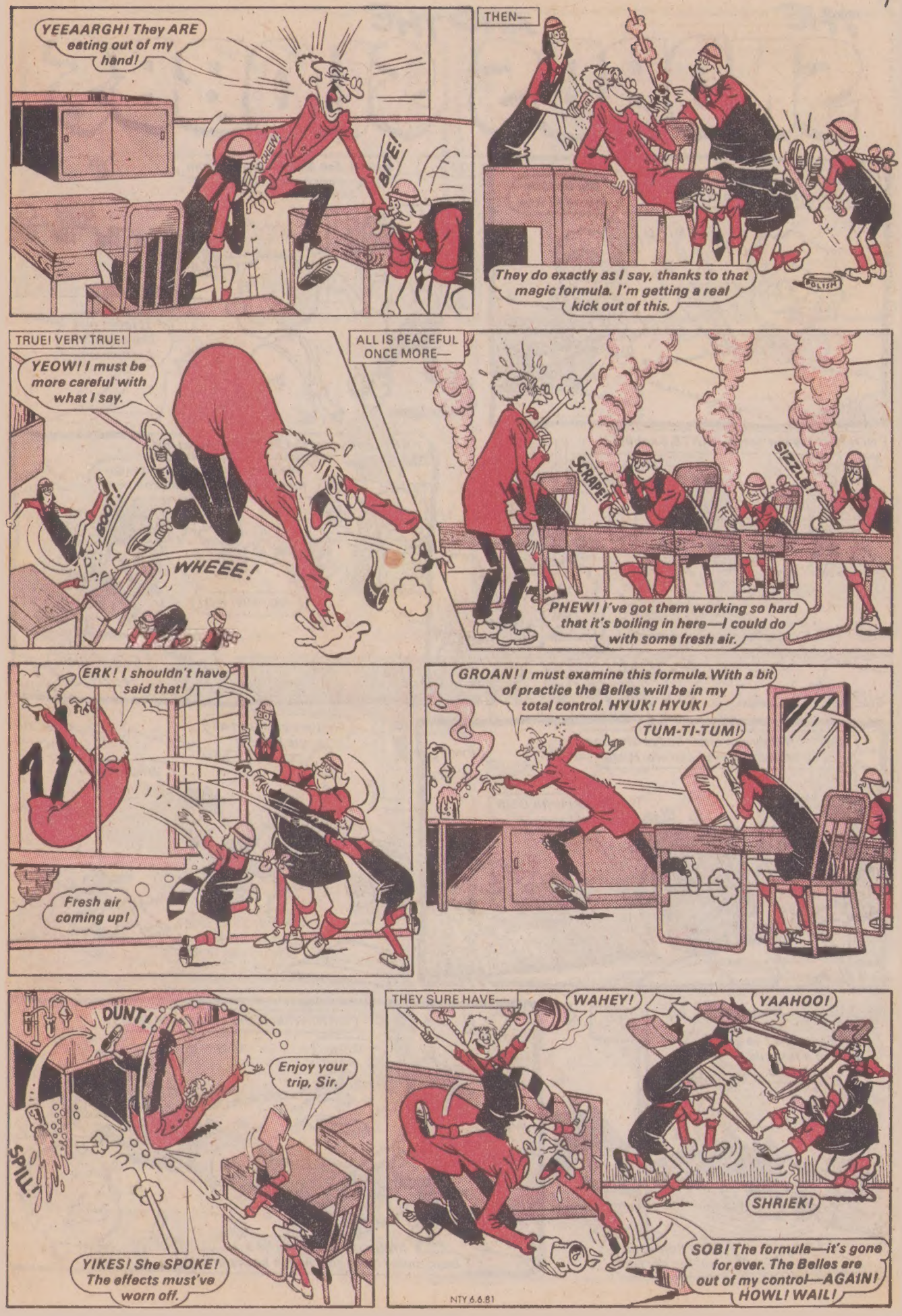
GLUMPHT!

GULP! Well, I suppose I did tell them to put a sock in it!

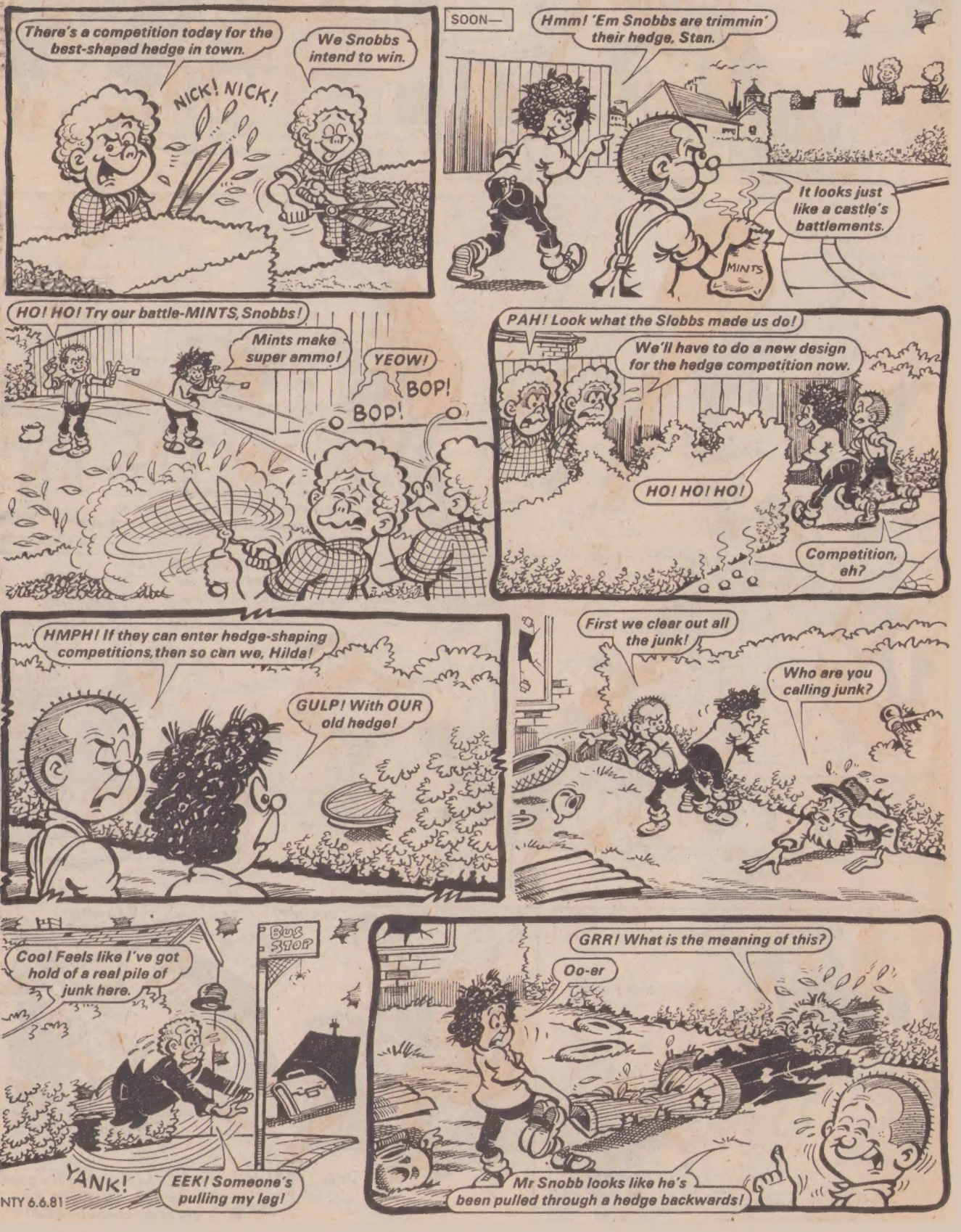
Now, sit down . . . WOW! They're ACTUALLY obeying me!

It must've been that stuff they inhaled—it's tamed them. I'll have them eating out of my hand.

NTY 6.6.81


YEEAARGH! They ARE eating out of my hand!
CHEW!
BITE!
THEN—
They do exactly as I say, thanks to that magic formula. I'm getting a real kick out of this.
POLISH
TRUE! VERY TRUE!
YEOW! I must be more careful with what I say.
BOOT!
WHEEE!
ALL IS PEACEFUL ONCE MORE—
SCRAPE!
SIZZLE!
PHEW! I've got them working so hard that it's boiling in here—I could do with some fresh air.
ERK! I shouldn't have said that!
Fresh air coming up!
GROAN! I must examine this formula. With a bit of practice the Belles will be in my total control. HYUK! HYUK!
TUM-TI-TUM!
DUNT!
Enjoy your trip, Sir.
SPILL!
YIKES! She SPOKE! The effects must've worn off.
THEY SURE HAVE—
WAHEY!
YAAHOO!
SHRIEK!
SOB! The formula—it's gone for ever. The Belles are out of my control—AGAIN! HOWL! WAIL!
NTY 6.6.81

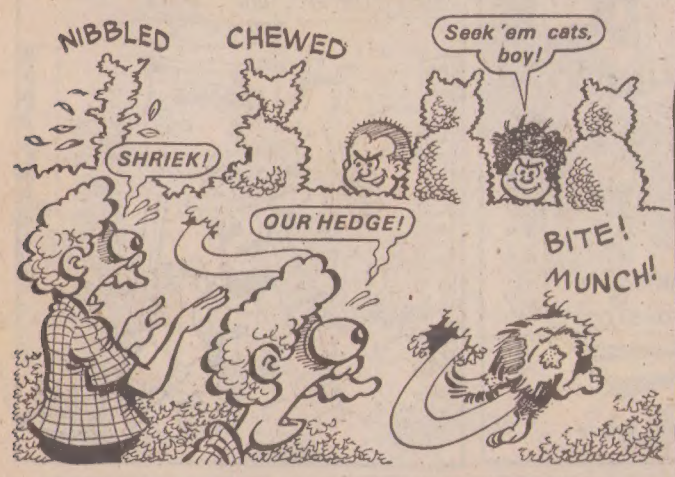
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS


There's a competition today for the best-shaped hedge in town.
We Snobbs intend to win.
NICK! NICK!
SOON—
Hmm! 'Em Snobbs are trimmin' their hedge, Stan.
It looks just like a castle's battlements.
MINTS
HO! HO! Try our battle-MINTS, Snobbs!
Mints make super ammo!
YEOW!
BOP!
BOP!
PAH! Look what the Slobbs made us do!
We'll have to do a new design for the hedge competition now.
HO! HO! HO!
Competition, eh?
HMPH! If they can enter hedge-shaping competitions, then so can we, Hilda!
GULP! With OUR old hedge!
First we clear out all the junk!
Who are you calling junk?
Coo! Feels like I've got hold of a real pile of junk here.
BUS STOP
YANK!
EEK! Someone's pulling my leg!
GRR! What is the meaning of this?
Oo-er
Mr Snobb looks like he's been pulled through a hedge backwards!

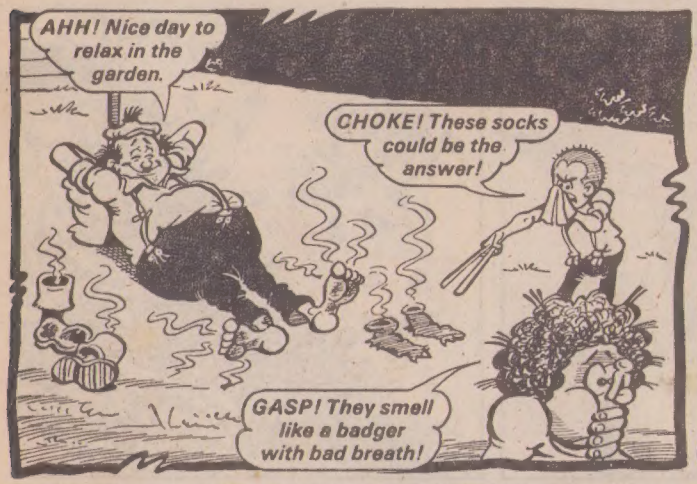
NTY 6.6.81

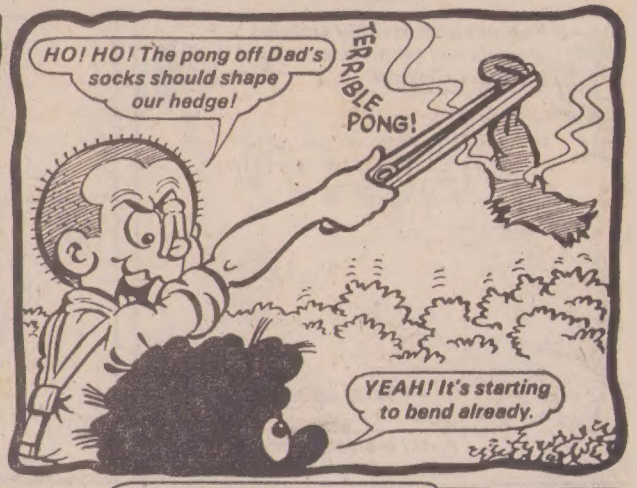
MEANWHILE—
I say! Our shaped pussy cats look just like the real thing.
Our hedge looks PURR-fect in fact!

Just like cats, eh? Well, let's see if our dog, Scratcher, thinks so!

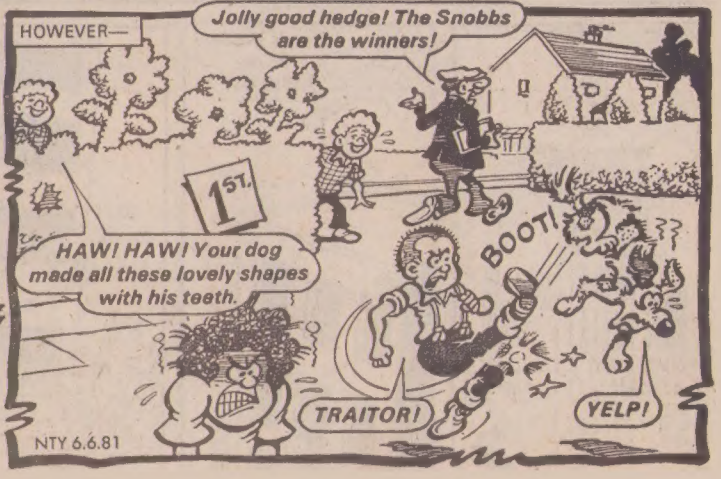

NIBBLED
CHEWED
Seek 'em cats, boy!
SHRIEK!
OUR HEDGE!
BITE!
MUNCH!

MINUTES LATER—
Now to shape OUR hedge!
GROAN! Not with these sheers we won't— they're BLUNT!


AHH! Nice day to relax in the garden.
CHOKE! These socks could be the answer!
GASP! They smell like a badger with bad breath!


HO! HO! The pong off Dad's socks should shape our hedge!
TERRIBLE PONG!
YEAH! It's starting to bend already.

BUT—
OH, NO! Dad's socks were TOO powerful!
BAH! But at least the Snobbs won't win either— thanks to Scratcher.
FLUP!


HOWEVER—
Jolly good hedge! The Snobbs are the winners!
1ST.
HAW! HAW! Your dog made all these lovely shapes with his teeth.
BOOT!
TRAITOR!
YELP!
NTY 6.6.81

STEEVIE STAR AS CLARK TENT IN "SUPER-DOOPERMAN"

MILD-MANNERED REPORTER, CLARK TENT, IS ON AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FOR " THE DAILY PLANT "—

YAWN! I've been sent to report on this snail race.

START

WHEN, SUDDENLY—

CREAK! RUMBLE!

LOOK! THAT OLD BUILDING'S GOING TO FALL!

PHONE

SCREAM!

Great Scot! Time to change to . . .

. . . ERK! I've got my arm stuck in my sleeve—AH! That's it! ULP! My laces are knotted . . .

RUMBLE!

PHONE PHONE

HURRY UP, SUPER-DOOPER MAN!

TOO LATE!

CRASH!

SPLINTER!

OOPS!

WHOOOOOOSH!

AND—

Oh! Er . . . um . . . that's a pity!

PHONE

PHONE

BUT—

Fear not, citizens! My amazing powers will return everything to normal! . . .

HEAT!

. . . First I melt the rubble with my heat vision . . .

GOING UP!

. . . Then fly the whole lot high into the sky . . .

. . . And now, just watch!

SPLIT!

PUNCH!

CRACK!

THE BRICKS FALL—

THUD!

THUDD!

SPROUT!

WOW! Look at that!

Amazing!

That's the last brick! HOWZAT?

PLOP!

GULP!

Wonderful, Super-dooperman! But did you have to build it on the Mayor's lawn?

SNARL! SNORT!

PRIVATE KEEP OUT

NTY 6.6.81

GROAN! Who'd be a super-hero?

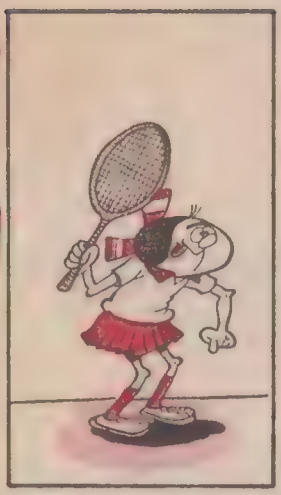
I would—given half a chance!

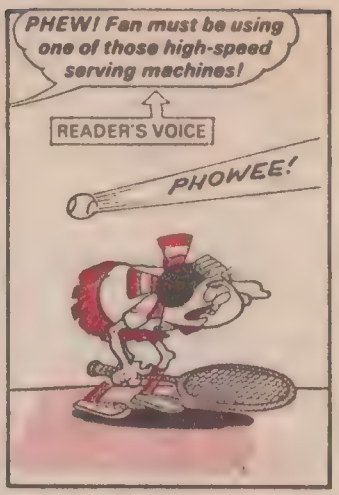
BOP!

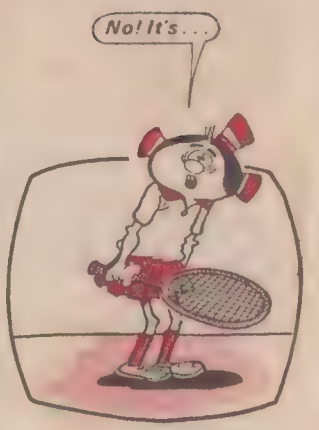
BLASTED NINNY! GRR!

SPORTS FAN

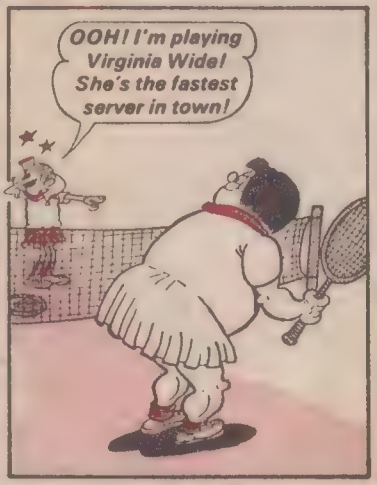
'SME!

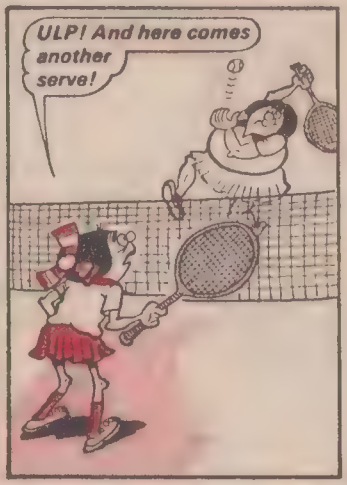



PHEW! Fan must be using one of those high-speed serving machines!
READER'S VOICE
PHOWEE!

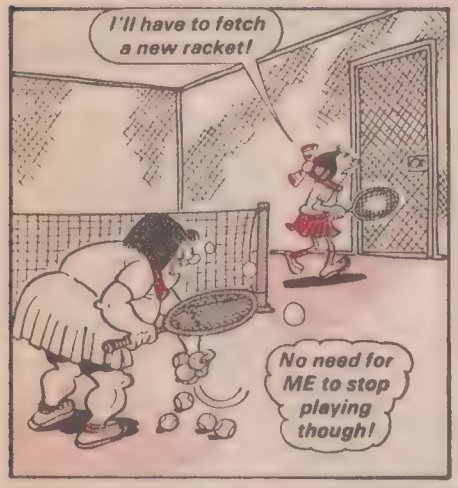

No! It's . . .

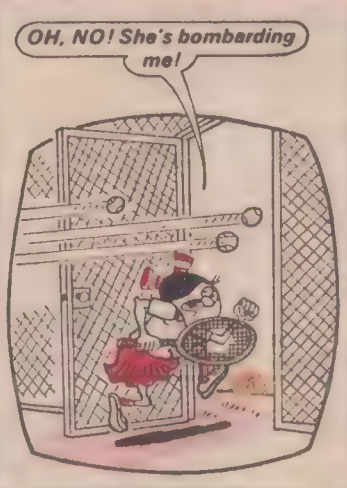
...URRFF!
THUNK!

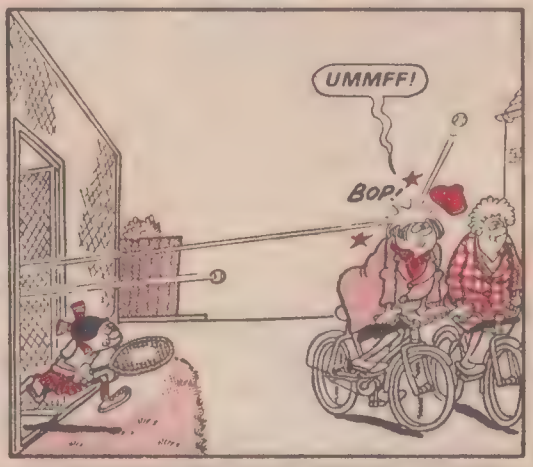

OOH! I'm playing Virginia Wide! She's the fastest server in town!

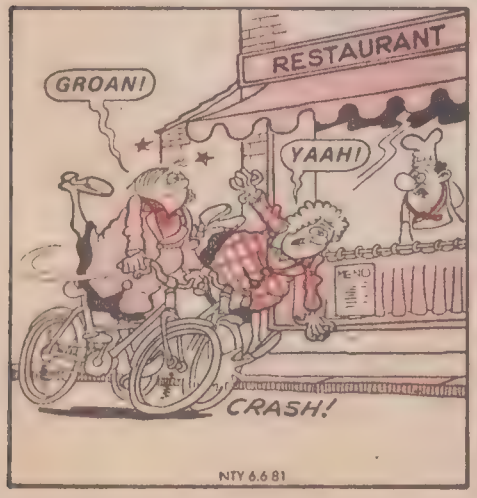

ULP! And here comes another serve!

PHOWEE!

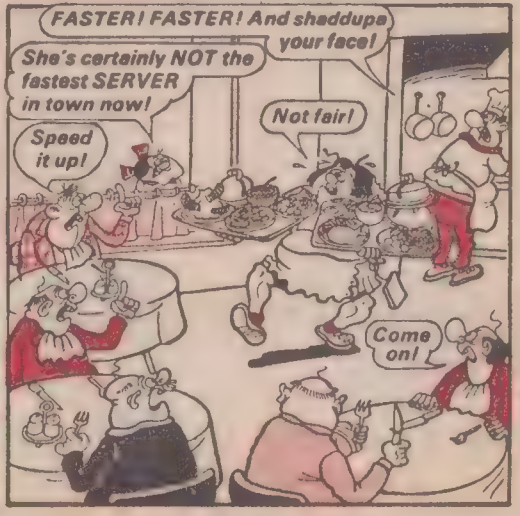

I'll have to fetch a new racket!
No need for ME to stop playing though!


OH, NO! She's bombarding me!


UMMFF!
BOP!


RESTAURANT
GROAN!
YAAH!
MENU
CRASH!
NTY 6.6.81

You a knocka down ma waitresses! You doa the work instead.
ERK!


FASTER! FASTER! And shaddupa your face!
She's certainly NOT the fastest SERVER in town now!
Not fair!
Speed it up!
Come on!

THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK · MAGNUS PEEK · SINGH SONGH · PATCH · LADY

DOGSBODY · SILLY VILLY · TAFF · HAGGIS · BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

YAHOO!

ONE VERY HAPPY DOG-CATCHER!

I've caught the Wild Rovers and locked 'em in my new escape-proof pound!

Escape-proof is it? Pah! I'll soon burst out of here!

Hunk's our strongest hound!

ULP! It's a springy kind of wire!

BWOYING!

CRASH!

OOF!

TWANG!

DUH?

UNGH!

OOH! I'll try the sore tummy trick!

GROAN! I'm in agony! WAIL! Help me!

Singh Songh's a great actor!

OW! My tummy's sore! OOH!

ASPIRIN

When Basil opens the gate, we all rush out!

Here, Singh Songh! Take some aspirin!

YEE-OWL!

ASPIRIN

AAAAH!

THROB!

HOP!

HOP!

Those sore toes will take his mind off his tummy!

I'll get us out of here— using this tin can!

Magnus is potty!

TAP! TAP!

He's a genius!

I just flash a message to the Boy Scouts . . .

SCOUT HUT

FLASH! FLASH!

FLASH! FLASH!

. . . And rescue is on its way!

We got your message! Here's wire-cutters!

How about a small contribution to our funds?

But I don't have any money!

GIVE

Huh! You don't have wire-cutters either! Goodbye!

GIVE

Perhaps we could dig a tunnel?

No! The ground's too hard for our paws! This place really is escape-proof!

SILLY VILLY

THUD!

I've an idea!

THEN—

Eh? Where did you get that spade, Villy?

ZOOM!

From the tool shed of course!

THE GATE'S OPEN! Basil forgot to lock it!

TOOL SHED

Basil's escape-proof pound is no match for Silly Villy!

Bye-ee, Basil!

FATBELLY

The WHEELIES

FLASH

ACE

BARRIE

GASP! I'm getting nowhere fast against this wind.

GUST!

JUST THEN—

You've got the wrong type of handlebars, Fatbelly.

The wind doesn't catch you with our low, racing handlebars.

WHIZZ!

PANT! WHEEZE!

SOON—

BICYCLES

Right! I'll see if they were right about these handlebars.

WOW! They really ARE low. I can't see where I'm going!

Yikes! I'm too heavy for these low handlebars. I've over-balanced.

WHEEE!

TOPPLE!

Look out!

MY GOODNESS! A flying boy!

GRR! My canvas. My easel!

SMASH!

MY HEAD! GROAN!

FUME! My day's painting is ruined!

Wait! I know what you could paint.

DOH!!!

PRESENTLY—

PUFF! I'll never go fast using these racing handlebars!

Nonsense, Fatbelly!

SUDDENLY—

He's really speeding now—how did he manage it?

ZOOM!

READER'S VOICE

With a little help from us and that artist!

PING!

PING!

PING!

YAAAROOO!

NTY 6.6.81

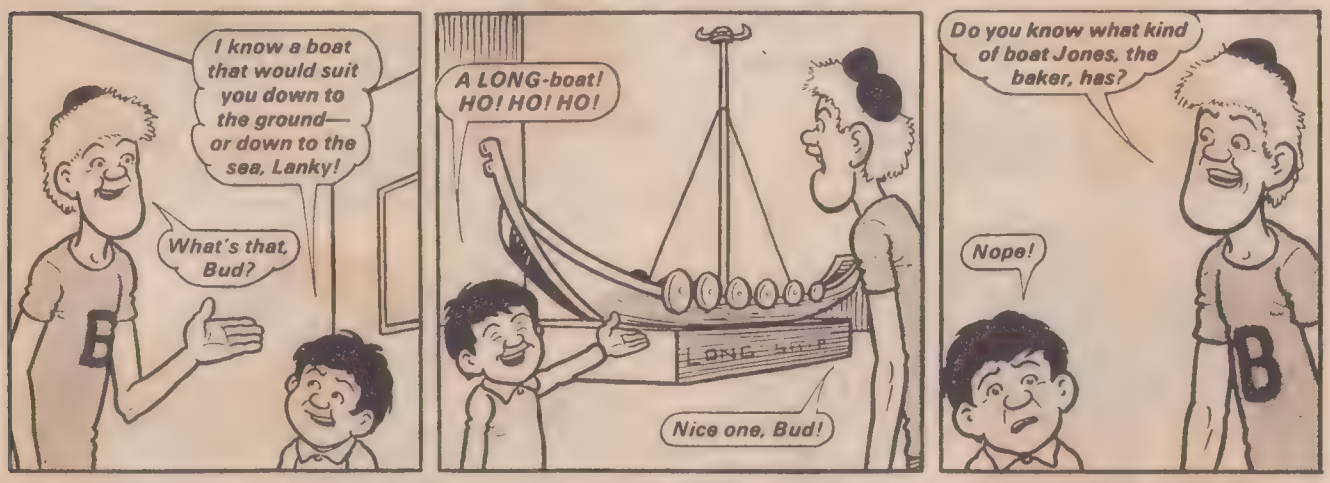
DOODLEBUG

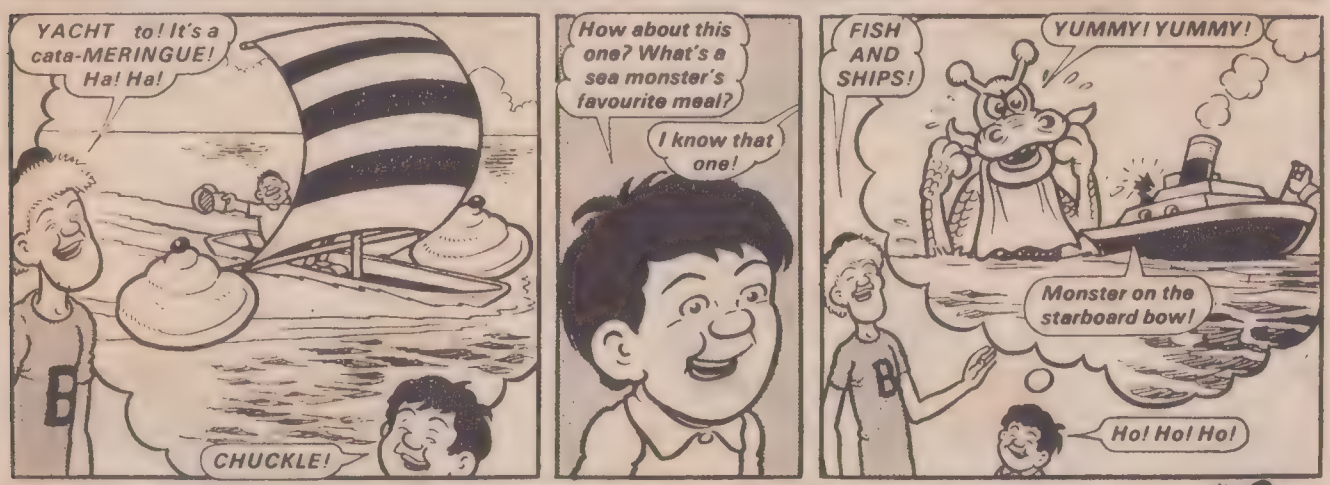
I can get a fine view of the piggies for my doodle from up here.
OINK! OINK!
SNORT!
SUDDENLY—
Why don't you get even closer to your work?
BLUGH!
DOODLE PLUG
SPLAT!
SOON. BACK HOME—
I'm filthy, so I'm really going to enjoy this bath.
OH-OH! I don't like the sound of that!
SCHLURK!
GURGLE!
GROAN! It's the pesky DOODLEPLUG again!
CLANK!
That's me! Sorry I couldn't stay plugged in till you had your bath. I've a DRAIN to catch! HO! HO!
SOON. IN THE HOTEL DE LA BUGGE—
You'd better not break any dishes, Jitter bug.
I'll b-be c-careful, s-sir!
BUT—
SHRIEK! The p-plug's c-come out!?!!
CRASH!
HAR! HAR! DOODLEPLUG strikes again!
After him! That menace has to be stopped!
You'll never catch me!
This chain of mine comes in handy at times.
WOW!
SWING
OH-OH!
SNAP!
OOYAH!
GOLLY!
ZZZ! EH... WHASSAT?
JAB!
NTY 6681
GRR! My sworn enemy, the THREE-PIN DOODLEPLUG— TAKE THAT!
BIFF!
WALLOP!
BASH!
THUMP!
GRR! Yes—and I'm going to SOCKET to you!
What a racket! I'm glad I've got my EAR PLUGS with me!

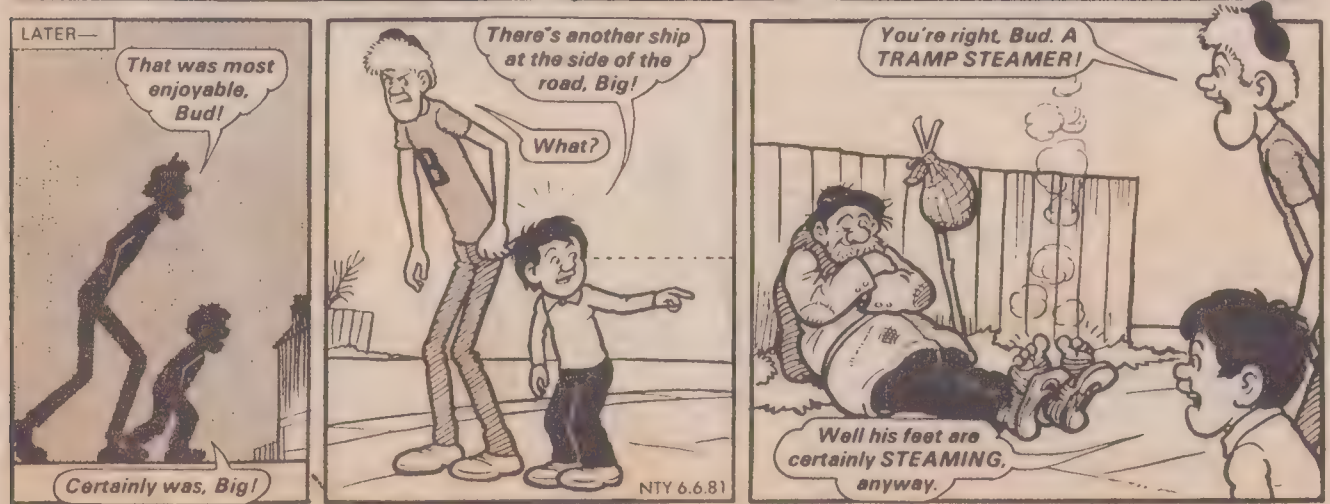
The MOUSEKETEERS
We'll make it this time. There's no sign of . . .
RICE
. . . ULP!
J-JOEY!
GOTCHA!
BUT—
Eh? They . . . they've GONE! But HOW?
FUME! They've escaped down that hole!
COME OUT, BLAST YOU!
Get lost, Beaky!
OOH! BY DOSE!
ENTER FATSO— WITHOUT HIS GLASSES!
MORE SHORT-SIGHTED THAN USUAL!
Must get a corkscrew for my bottle of pop!
Here we are!
POP
EH?
!
NTY 6.6.81
Strange! I always thought my cork-screw was smaller!
PLOP!
Ho! Ho! Look at that!
FED UP!
Your nose is a bit out of joint, Beaky! CHUCKLE!

BIG 'N' BUD

Let's take a look in here!
BOAT MUSEUM
Okay, Big!
INSIDE—
That's a strange looking boat with wings, Bud. What is it?
That's a FLYING BOAT, stupid!


I know a boat that would suit you down to the ground— or down to the sea, Lanky!
What's that, Bud?
A LONG-boat! HO! HO! HO!
Nice one, Bud!
Do you know what kind of boat Jones, the baker, has?
Nope!

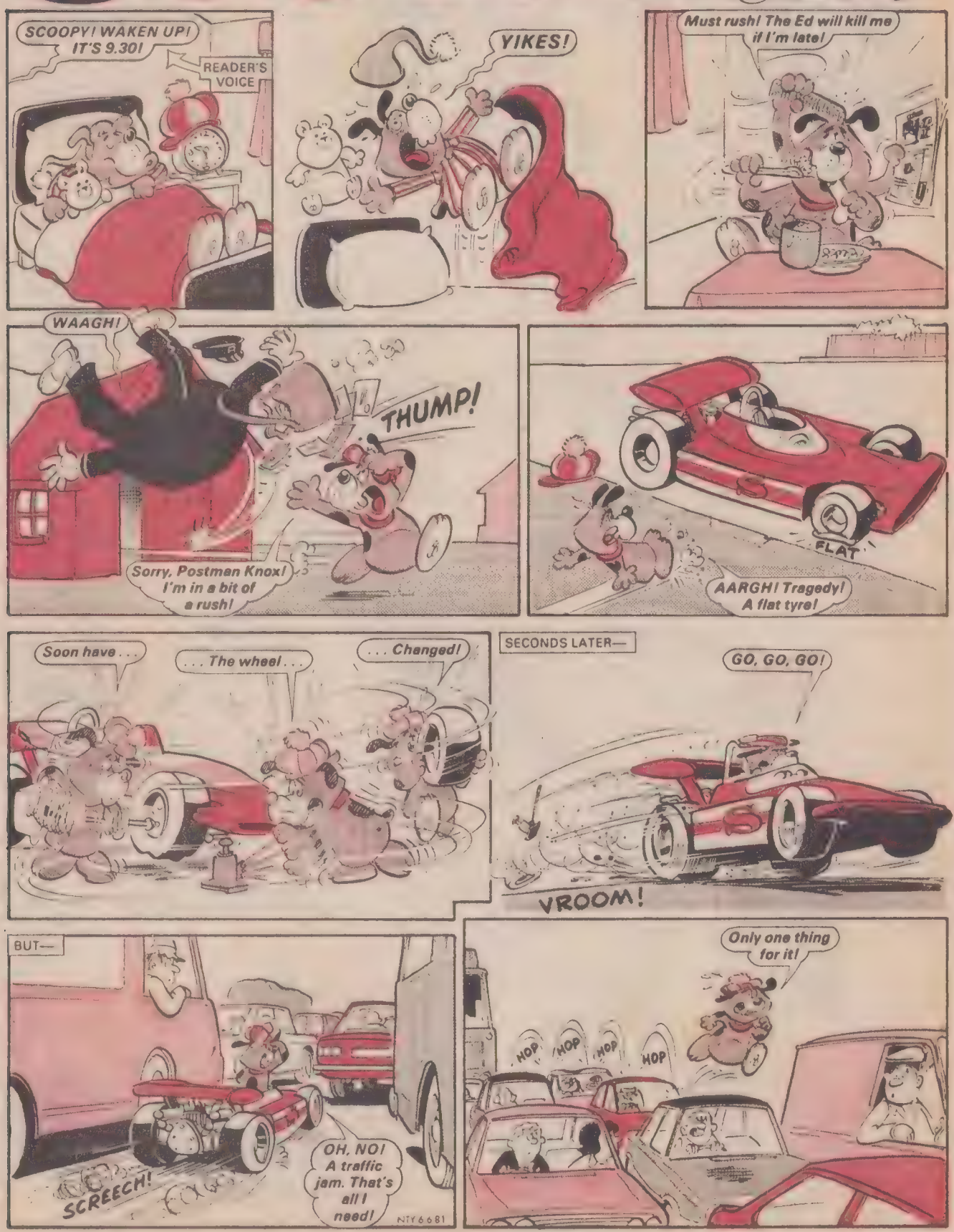

YACHT to! It's a cata-MERINGUE! Ha! Ha!
CHUCKLE!
How about this one? What's a sea monster's favourite meal?
I know that one!
FISH AND SHIPS!
YUMMY! YUMMY!
Monster on the starboard bow!
Ho! Ho! Ho!

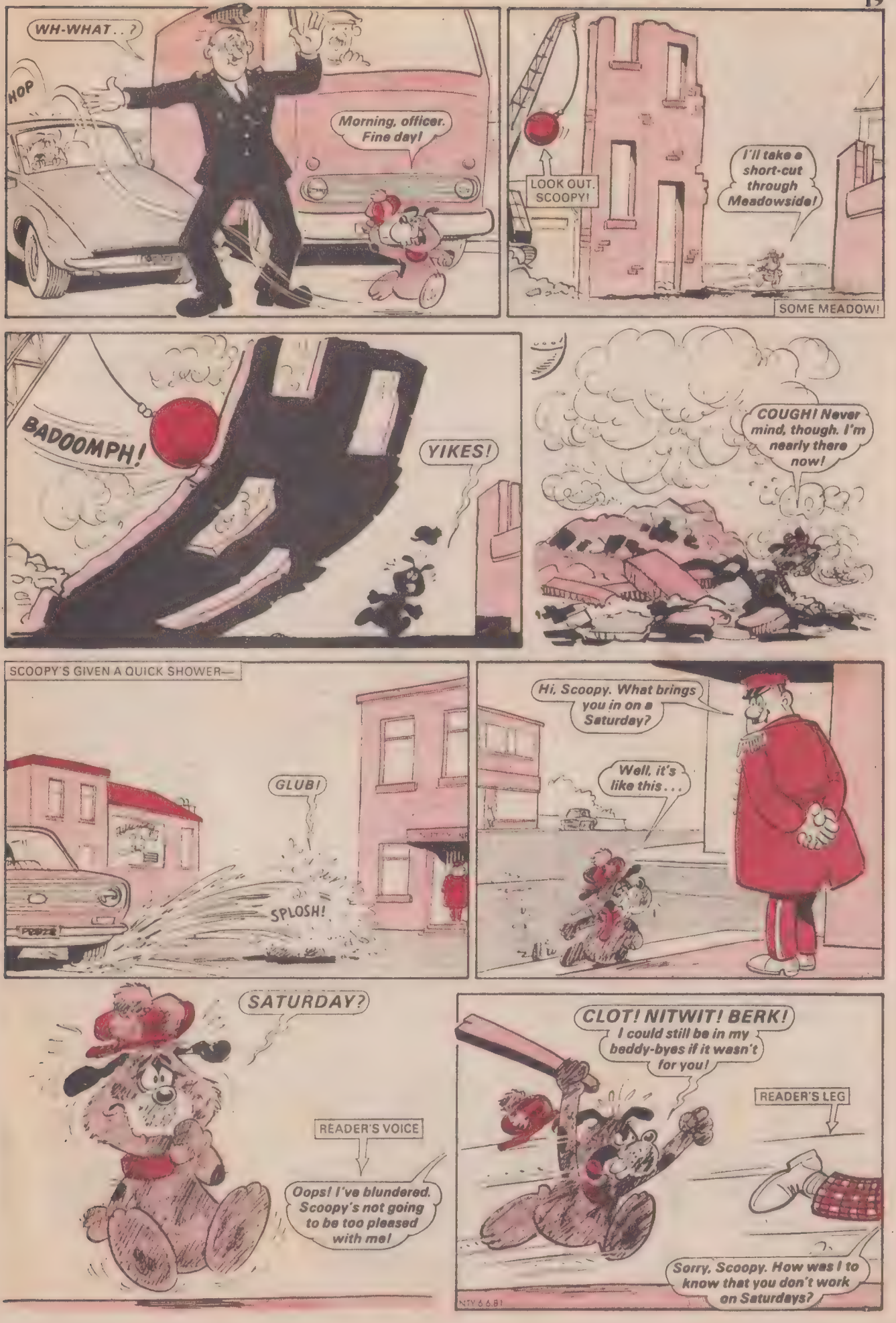

LATER—
That was most enjoyable, Bud!
Certainly was, Big!
There's another ship at the side of the road, Big!
What?
NTY 6.6.81
You're right, Bud. A TRAMP STEAMER!
Well his feet are certainly STEAMING, anyway.

SCOOPY

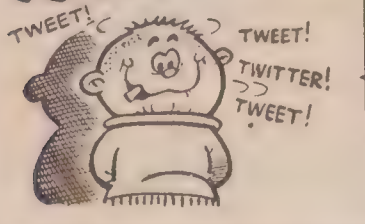
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

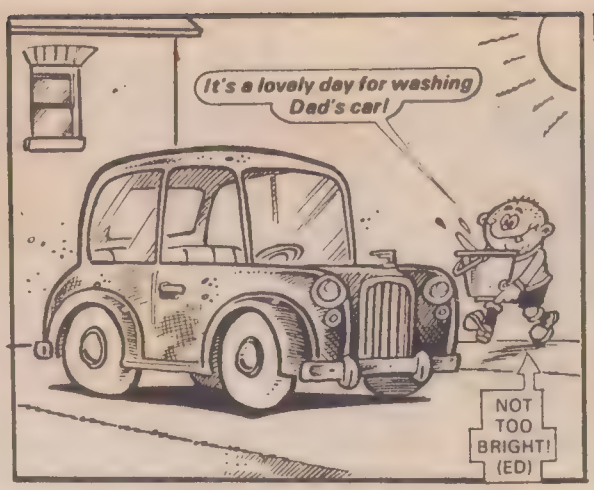
That's me, folks!

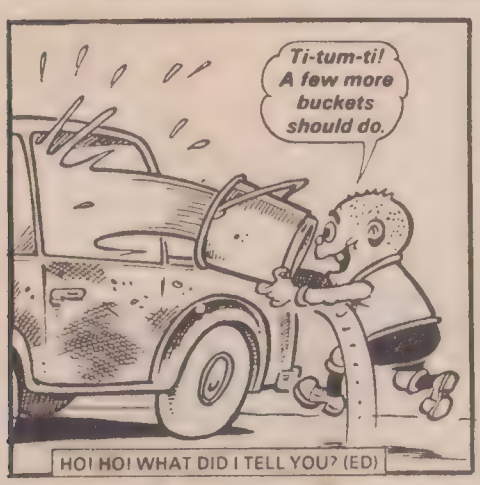


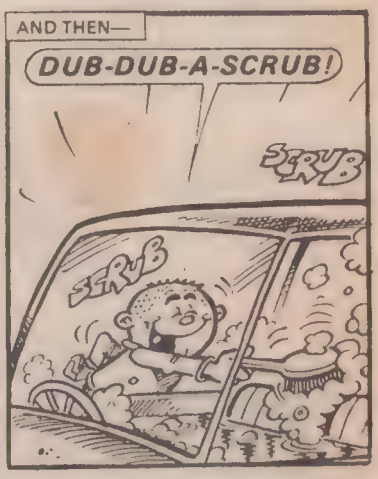

WH-WHAT..?
HOP
Morning, officer. Fine day!
LOOK OUT, SCOOPY!
I'll take a short-cut through Meadowside!
SOME MEADOW!
BADOOMPH!
YIKES!
COUGH! Never mind, though. I'm nearly there now!
SCOOPY'S GIVEN A QUICK SHOWER—
GLUB!
SPLOSH!
Hi, Scoopy. What brings you in on a Saturday?
Well, it's like this...
SATURDAY?
READER'S VOICE
Oops! I've blundered. Scoopy's not going to be too pleased with me!
CLOT! NITWIT! BERK!
I could still be in my beddy-byes if it wasn't for you!
READER'S LEG
Sorry, Scoopy. How was I to know that you don't work on Saturdays?
NTY 6.6.81

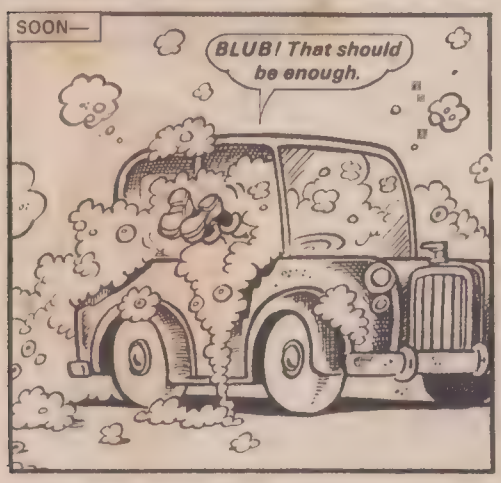
TWEET WILLIAM

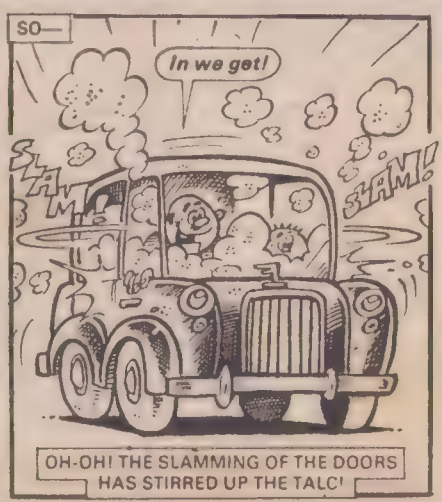


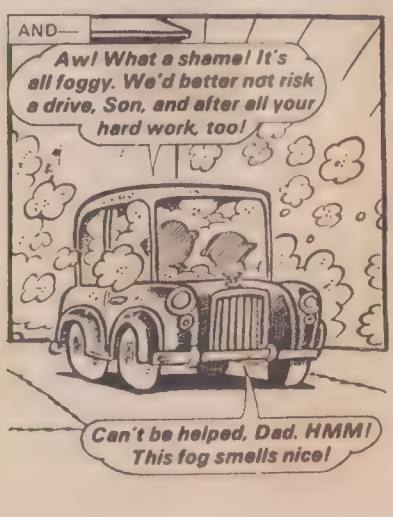


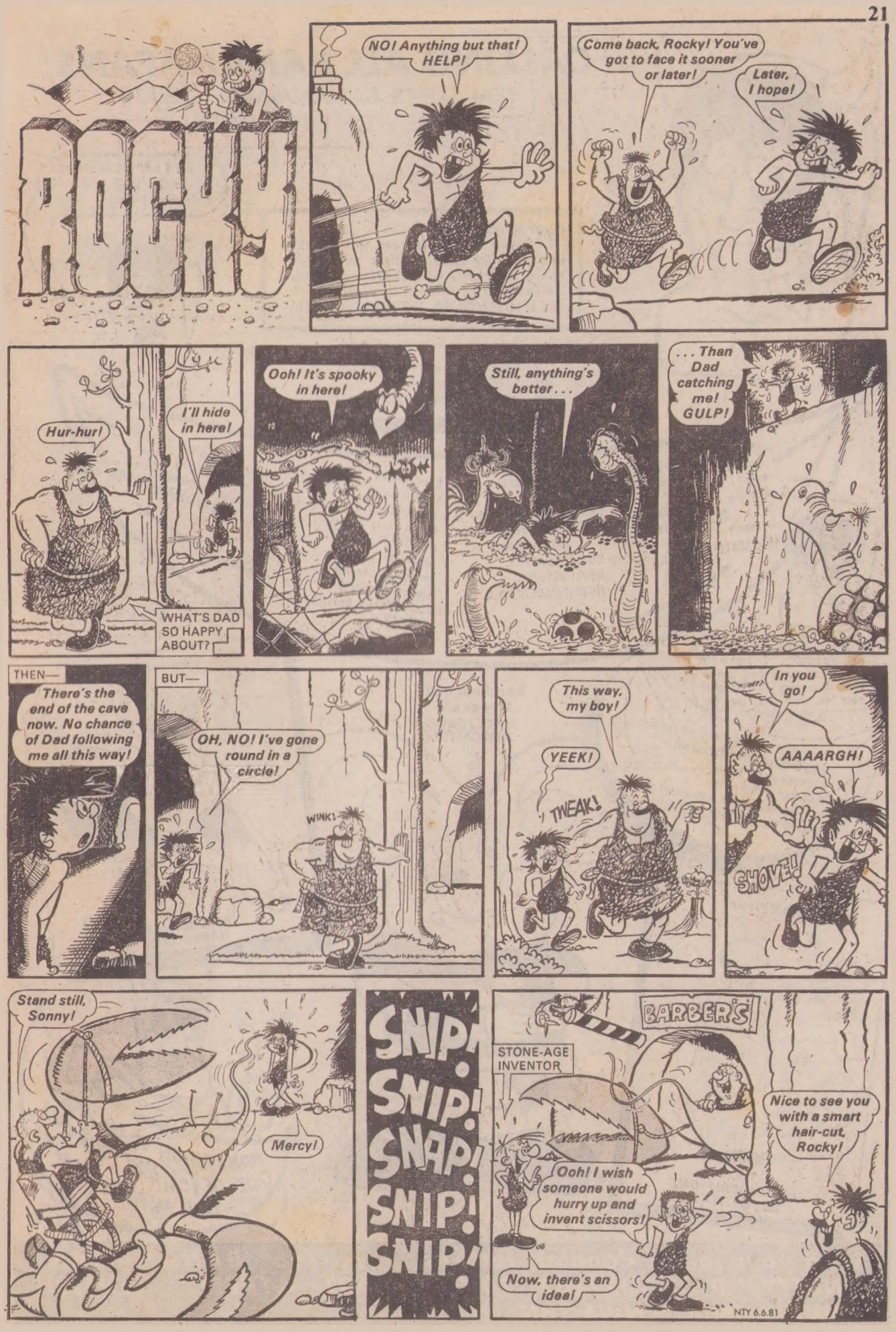









AND—
Aw! What a shame! It's all foggy. We'd better not risk a drive, Son, and after all your hard work, too!
Can't be helped, Dad. HMM! This fog smells nice!


ROCKY
NO! Anything but that! HELP!
Come back, Rocky! You've got to face it sooner or later!
Later, I hope!
Hur-hur!
I'll hide in here!
WHAT'S DAD SO HAPPY ABOUT?
Ooh! It's spooky in here!
Still, anything's better...
...Than Dad catching me! GULP!
THEN—
There's the end of the cave now. No chance of Dad following me all this way!
BUT—
OH, NO! I've gone round in a circle!
WINK!
This way, my boy!
YEEK!
TWEAK!
In you go!
AAAARGH!
SHOVE!
Stand still, Sonny!
Mercy!
SNIP! SNIP! SNAP! SNIP! SNIP!
BARBER'S
STONE-AGE INVENTOR
Ooh! I wish someone would hurry up and invent scissors!
Now, there's an idea!
Nice to see you with a smart hair-cut, Rocky!
NTY 6.6.81

CALLING ALL BANANAFANS!

TEN SUPER BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON EVERY WEEK.

Dear Bananaman,
Some of the letters you publish are so silly that I think you wrote them yourself. As a matter of fact, I even think you wrote this letter!
LEE WHITEHOUSE, WEST BROMWICH.

Maybe I did! But in any case I'll still send YOU a Bananaman T-shirt!

What's a vampire's favourite soup?
SCREAM of tomato!
ANDREW POWELL, BIRMINGHAM.

Why did the woman go outside with her purse open?
Because she expected some CHANGE in the weather!
LISA WALLIS, LONDON.

What's the longest word in the dictionary?
SMILES—because there is a MILE between the first and last letter!
SUSAN LINDSAY, BEDLINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND.

Man:-" Have you got a small mirror?"
Shopkeeper:-" Yes, sir. This one costs twenty-five pounds."
Man:-" Er . . . Have you got a cheaper one in black and white?"
P. CHEVELEY, EFFINGHAM, SURREY.

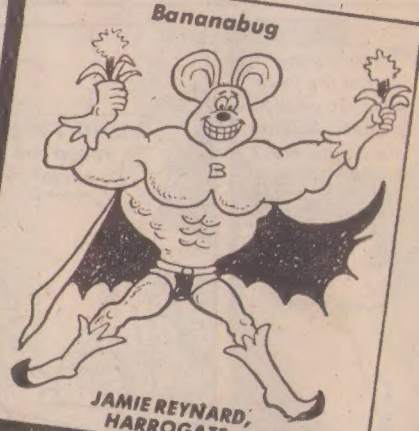
How can you tell if there's an elephant in the fridge?
You can't close the door!
GARY DAVIES, LIVERPOOL.

Ho! Ho! Keep 'em rolling in, readers. I haven't laughed so much since the day the Editor put salt in his coffee by mistake!

There was a young man from Crewe,
Who decided to build a canoe.
But once on the river,
He found with a shiver
That he hadn't used waterproof glue!
DAVID McLEAN, MORECAMBE.

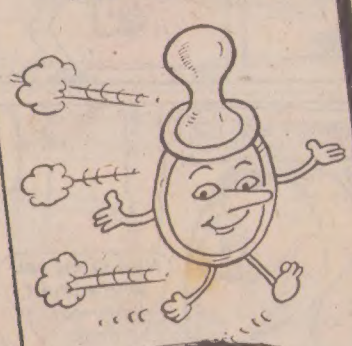
Doodlebug at 1 year old
MARK JONES, NEWCASTLE.

Bananabug



JAMIE REYNARD, HARROGATE.

A DUMMY-run!

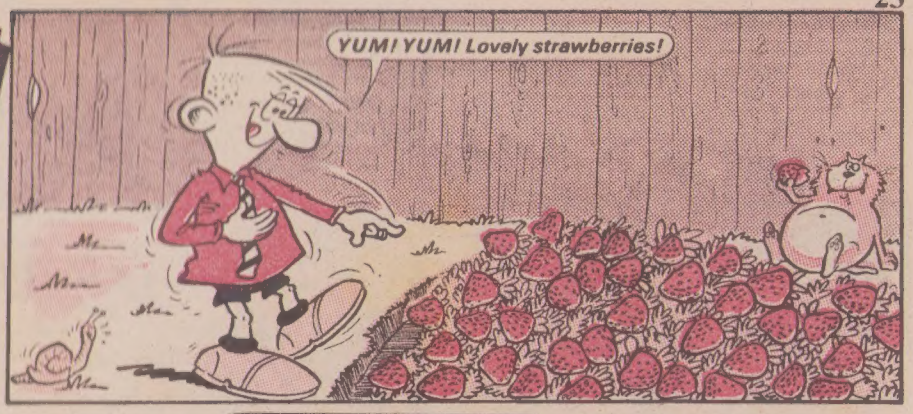


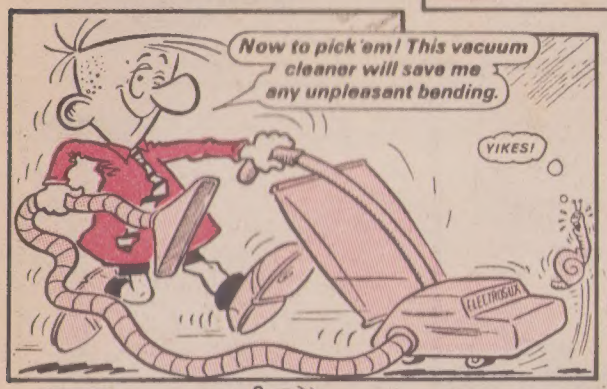
EMMA MIDDLETON, ISLE OF ISLAY.

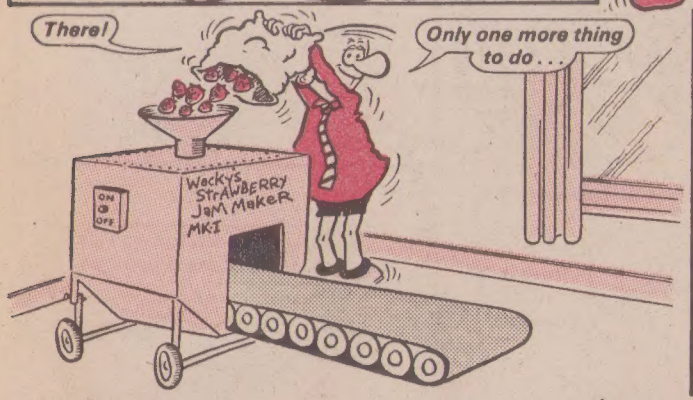
NTY 6-6-81

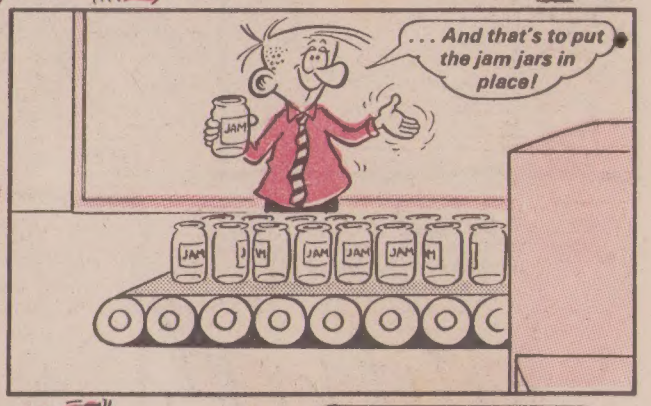
Send your jokes, doodles, letters, etc. to BANANAMAN, "NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263, 20 CATHCART STREET, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON NW5 3BN.

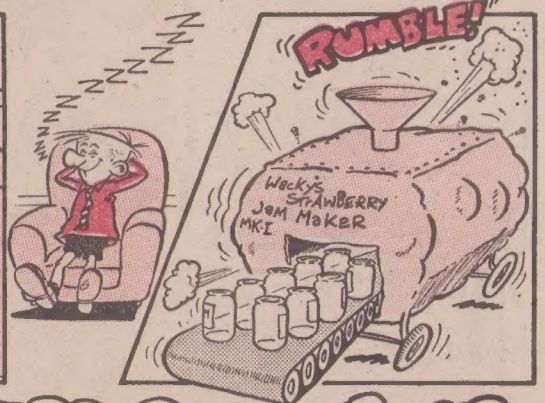
WACKY The CRACKPOT INVENTOR

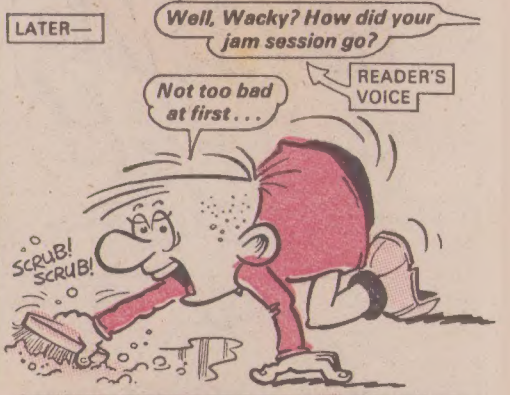


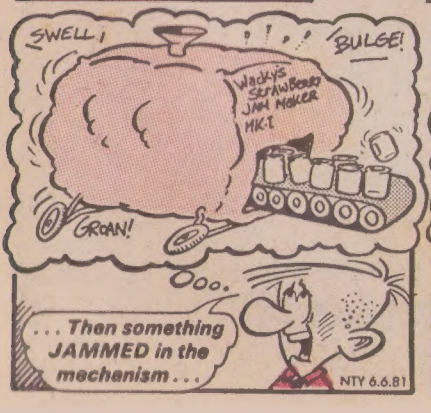


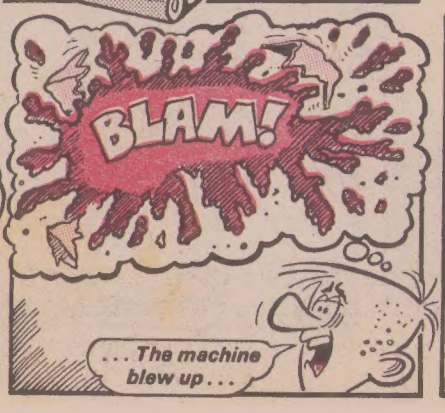




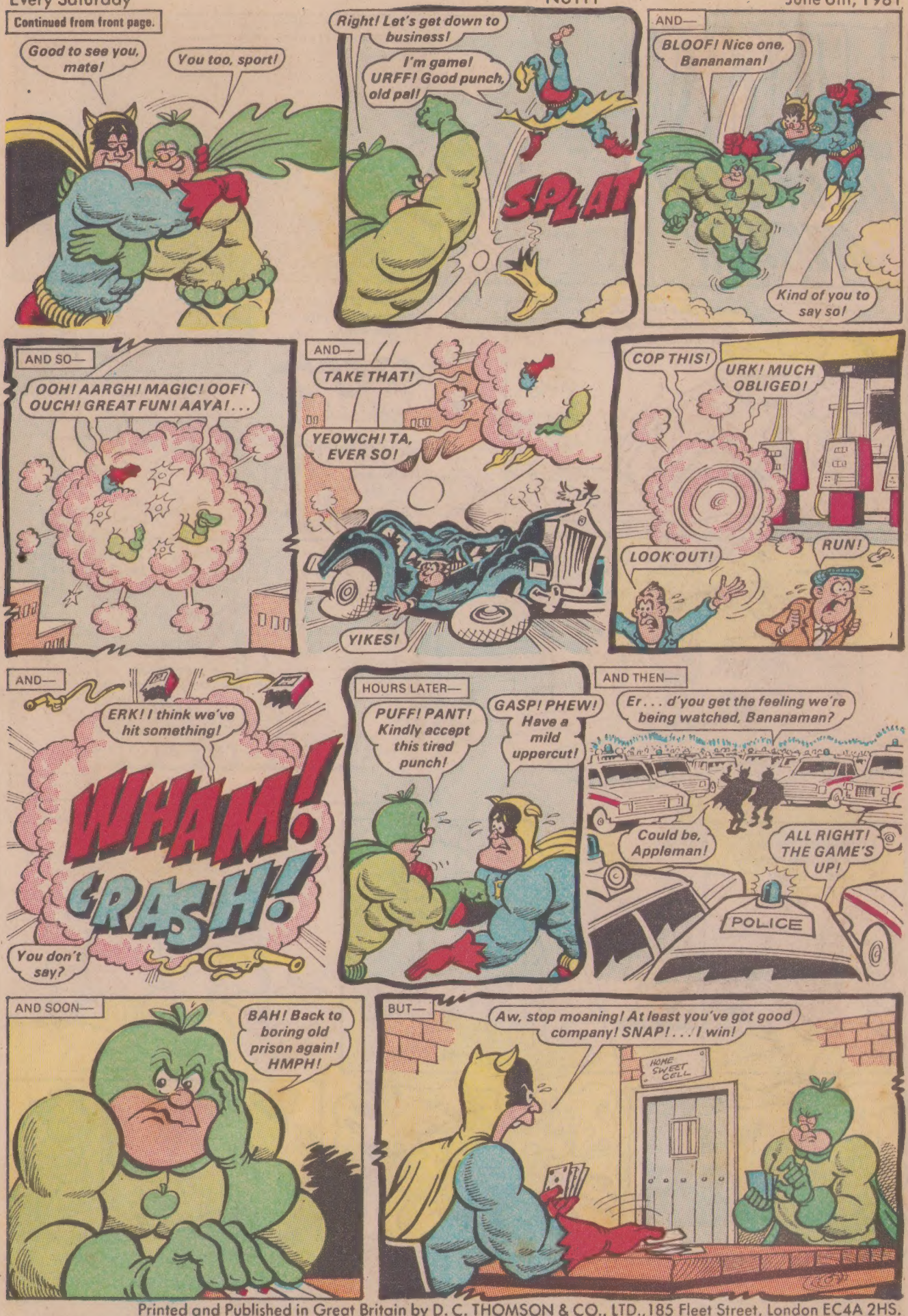








Continued from front page.



Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.
© D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1981.